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## THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxillary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, etc., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

*All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.*

# SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



## AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 54,

FEBRUARY, 1882.

No. 2.

### THE SEAMEN'S CAUSE—ITS NEEDED HELP.

At no time in its history, has the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY been more prospered and inviting, than just now, as it enters upon its FIFTY-FIFTH year.

From all parts of the world the intelligence comes to us that seamen are not only demanding, but are deeply enlisting the prayerful interest and concern of the philanthropic and religious, as perhaps never before.

Constituting a class, in whose behalf Christian labor has been specially undertaken, they yield the most satisfactory results. Large numbers have latterly declared themselves as having found their way to the Savior; and many of these, attesting the thoroughness of their conversion by lives radically changed, have in turn sought to lead their shipmates and others to "repent and believe," and to become followers and servants of Christ.

The work as prosecuted by this Society through its numerous and devoted chaplains and missionaries, at home and abroad, and in the increasing distribution of its sea-going libraries, numbering now over seventy-three hundred, and containing nearly four hundred thousand carefully selected volumes, has come to a magnitude of importance which compels us to ask for an INCREASE in the sympathy and practical aid of our patrons and friends.

We appeal, to this end, not only to those ministers, churches, and others, who have cheerfully helped us in the past, but to all who believe that Christ has a kingdom on the sea as well as on the land;—



and that the success of that kingdom can only be achieved by the blessing of God upon evangelical efforts for the salvation of sea-faring men.

In prosecuting such efforts on our part, we ask to be supported by the generous assistance of those whose gains have come to them, directly or indirectly, by the toil of the sailor;—by those who have such relations with the sailor as make them think about and personally pray for him when devastating storms are abroad;—by those who believe that under his rough exterior the sailor through grace may have the heart, and on this account deserve the helping hand of a Christian brother;—and by those who interpret the conversion of seamen in the large numbers reported of late, as indicating the duty of the Church toward those who are yet imperiled and unsaved.

Whether you have heretofore done either little or much in this matter, we now earnestly ask your aid,—readers and friends,—so that the work assigned us to do may not be seriously hindered, but contrariwise extended abroad, as the way, under providence, is singularly opening for it, in well-nigh every direction.

Applications, favorably considered, are on file, that we cannot practically encourage, simply from the lack of means to do it.

We earnestly entreat you to help us. We ask you to give us of your money to that end, and to let your prayers follow your gifts, that your stewardship may be approved in the enriching of a Heavenly Crown!

*“Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days.”—Ecc. ii: 1.*

*“Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.”—Matt. vi: 20, 21.*

RICHARD P. BUCK, *President,*

SAMUEL H. HALL, *Secretary,*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer,*

*American Seamen's Friend Society's Rooms, 80 Wall Street, New York,  
February 1st, 1882.*

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*From the New York Evangelist.*

## ACROSS AND BEYOND SEA.

The first in Rev. Dr. FIELD'S series of letters to his paper since entering upon a new tour of travel, has so much in it that treats of the sea, as to make it peculiarly acceptable and interesting to the readers of a SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

For the fifth time I have come though there is not the same sense across the sea from America, and of newness and strangeness in ap-

proaching these shores that there was thirty-four years ago, there is a deeper interest, from the associations that repeated visits since have gathered about England.

Our voyage was wholly without incident, and yet I must say a word for it, if it be only on the principle of "speaking well of the bridge that carries us safe over." The sea treated us well, and deserves our acknowledgments. We had been warned of September gales, but we had not a storm, and hardly a touch of rough weather, but a succession of sunny days and moonlight nights.

A sea voyage is to many travelers a disagreeable experience, to be gotten over as quickly as possible, and to be as speedily forgotten. It is not pleasant to them even in remembrance. But I should be very sorry to lose the memory of the many voyages that I have made over the different seas and oceans of the world. I have generally found some way to extract pleasure from the dullest and dreariest passage over the stormiest sea. And now the elements seemed to combine to make our nine days on the ocean, if not stirring and exciting, yet in a quiet way a truly delightful experience.

The discomforts and weariness of sea life may be greatly mitigated, and even turned into positive enjoyment, by two things,—a good ship and a good captain,—in both which we were most fortunate. Five years ago we crossed the Pacific on the *Oceanic* under the command of a Captain who was so extremely kind that when we heard that he had been recalled to his old place in the White Star Line, we determined, if ever we went to sea again, it should be with him. That decided our choice of a ship,—a choice which we had no reason

to regret, for our confidence was fully justified. The Captain at once welcomed us as old friends, and took us under his especial charge. If we had been members of his own family, he could not have done more for our comfort. He gave us his own room on the upper deck, where we could have our windows wide open to the ocean breezes when all the port-holes below were closed, and where at night we seemed to be lifted in air and floating in glory over the moonlit sea.

Besides being an accomplished sailor, Captain PARSELL is a man of rare intelligence. Few men have such opportunities of seeing the world as sea captains, and where one carries a quick eye and an active mind, he cannot fail to gather a rich experience. Our Captain was bred to the sea, to which he took when a lad of fourteen, and which he has followed for thirty-five years. He has been in all quarters of the globe, on all seas and oceans, and had many incidents to relate. It was interesting to hear him speak of passing the North Cape, the highest point in Europe, into the White Sea, on his way to Archangel, and being shut in by ice; and making his way across Lapland in sledges drawn by dogs, and sleeping in snow-huts, with hungry wolves howling around his bed of snow; and then of sailing up the Black Sea, carrying supplies to Sebastopol for the relief of the army in the Crimea; and again of being caught in the harbor of Marseilles at the proclaiming of the French Republic, and how he managed to get away with his ship, and to save the gold of her British owners. All oceans were alike to him. One moment he gave us an incident when he was becalmed in the Southern



Ocean, a thousand miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and the next told us of rounding Cape Horn, or described the scenery in the Straits of Magellan, where he stood on the bridge, for hours,—and even, with little interruption, for days,—looking up at the stupendous cliffs which overhang that passage between the ocean and the adjacent shores; and again of his numerous voyages up and down both coasts of South America.

With such good company, and made to feel completely at our ease, that we were at home and among friends, we could let the voyage take its course, and make our observations with perfect equanimity. A ship in motion with all sails set,—and still more, one of these great ocean steamers at full speed—always seems to me a living creature. I liked to watch the motions of the *Baltic*, to see how she “behaved.” There was something queenly in her bearing as she tossed her head, bending for an instant to the waves, bowing to the right and left, and then baring her breast to the full rush of the sea, and forcing her way right onward. The movement never ceased; all night long the steady throb of the engine went on, and seemed like the quick breathing of a race-horse bounding on his course. Often I would lie awake for hours, listening to the strange “voices of the night,” the cries of the men shifting the sails, and the bells striking the hours, answered by the lookout at the bow,—“All’s well!”

The only outward diversion for us, on board, was, the occasional meeting of ships, which became more frequent as we approached the shores of Ireland. Among others, we passed the *Faraday*, which has been used in the recent

laying of cables across the Atlantic. She was now bound westward, for the purpose, as our Captain thought, of picking up or under-running one of the cables which had sustained an injury. She made us signals to carry a message for her to England. Next one of the Cunarders passed quite near in the dusk of evening, and threw up rockets as signals of greeting; and then moving on, disappeared in the darkness. And now all are gone. Not a living thing appears on the horizon. We are

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on the wide, wide sea.

Thus left alone on the deep, one has to seek companionship in the sea itself. Here some are at a total loss. They can find no beauty in this waste of waters, because of the want of that variety which one has upon the land, where hill and valley, wood and mountain, are blended together. The ocean is one vast plain, a boundless monotony. But for all this, it is an error to say that it has no variety. It is constantly changing, by its own mobility. Its waters are never at rest, so that it is equally true to say that it is “ever changing,” and yet “changing never.”

Such as Creation’s dawn beheld, thou rollest now;—

and yet since the sea was poured from the hand of God, it has never been for two moments the same. And even though its waters be calm and still, what wondrous effects are produced by the shadows of flying clouds passing over them! Several times there was a heavy swell of the sea coming toward us, and as the waves rose, one behind the other, they came on like the rapids of Niagara; and as the sun struck through their white crests, they seemed great masses of liquid

sunshine rolling down upon us from the realms of light.

There is an hour of the day when the sea is glorified with light. It is at the going down of the sun. Everybody has admired Turner's famous picture of the *Old Temeraire*,—the line of battle ship, one of the trophies of Trafalgar. To harmonize with the scene he wishes to depict, the artist has chosen this hour of the dying day when the sunset lights up the grim sides of the old ship, which, after having passed through the flames of battle, is now being towed to her last anchorage, to take part in war no more. That scene we witnessed every evening for a week, as the sun went down in his ocean bed.

But perhaps even the sunsets were surpassed in a certain tender beauty by the nights. As I have mentioned, we had moonlight all the way. The moon was a few days old when we left New York, and as she grew nightly, gave us more and more of her queenly splendor.

And yet to a thoughtful mind there is more in the sea than lights and shadows, than flying clouds or rolling waves, or even sunrisings and sunsettings. Nor is its power in its moods, whether of storm or calm. There is a majesty, an expression which it is not too much to call solemn, which comes not from any of these things, but from the sea itself,—its volume, its vastness, and its mystery. When the great FARADAY was an old man, he often made a visit to Brighton, and always chose a room which had a window looking out upon the sea, where he would sit for hours musing upon the great problems of nature and of human existence, which had their fittest symbol in the immensity before him. The ocean was an emblem

of the vastness of that material world which it had been the work of his life to study and explore. What impresses me most of all in sailing over it is the endless succession of horizons, stretching on and on, one running into another, the distant line fading as it is approached. What a picture is all this of human existence, an ocean on which all are voyagers, "sailing o'er life's solemn main"; and these vanishing horizons are like the ever-alluring and ever-fading horizons of human hope and ambition.

And how does the sea humble man with a sense of his own insignificance! How weak and puny he appears in the presence of such vastness and such power! The sea is the only element on which he can make no impression, and over which he can assert no dominion. For him to conquer the earth means only to conquer the land. He can subdue the forests, and tunnel the mountains, or climb their sides with his fire-drawn cars. But there his power ends. "His control stops with the shore." All the armaments that were ever set in battle array; all the conquering armadas that ever swept the sea with flying banners and boasts of universal dominion, make not the slightest impression, nor leave even a trace behind them in the rolling waters. The famous apostrophe of Byron to the Ocean is as true in reality as it is beautiful in poetry:—

A thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control  
Stops with the shore: Upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,  
When into thy depths he sinks with bubbling  
groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Seeing this, he who sails over



the ocean, or who but walks upon the shore, may find his heart sinking with the sense of his own insignificance and worthlessness. What is he but a bubble on the mighty waters, tossed up and gleaming for an instant in the sunlight, and then burst and gone, to be no more missed than the lightest foam of the breakers dashing on the beach. At such a moment it is hard for a man to think that he is *anything* in God's sight, or indeed to find a God anywhere, in this ceaseless whirl of great material forces. And yet Faraday could find God's pathway in the sea; and the more we ponder this mystery of nature, as did that great Christian philosopher, the more shall we, too, find in it the tokens both of a Divine power and a Divine benevolence. Coleridge, in his *Ancient Mariner*, pictures the loneliness of the sea, in two of the most expressive lines in the language:—

So lonely 'twas that even God  
Seemed not there to be.

And yet as we sat upon the deck in the gathering night, and looked upward, it seemed as if God were very near.

For beautiful exceedingly  
Are all the works of God,—  
The starry heavens, the rolling sea,  
The earth our own abode,—  
Sweet are they all, and sweet the light  
Of sun by day and moon by night.

The charm of our voyage grew, more and more, as it drew toward its end, and culminated on its closing day. We left New York on Wednesday morning, and Thursday noon of the following week we sighted the land, and all that afternoon were sailing along the coast of Ireland, with its many headlands jutting into the deep, with lighthouses perched on their topmost height. The sea was literally "smooth as a millpond." The sun

set with a radiance that spread over the whole expanse of waters, and then the moon shone above us almost at the full. Friday morning found us sounding Holyhead; at noon we cast anchor in the Mersey, and the tender took us to the quay; where we landed exactly as the gun on the opposite bank of the river, fired by electricity from the Observatory at Greenwich, struck the hour of one.

As soon as we were on shore at Liverpool, and through the Custom House (which gave us not the slightest trouble, and detained us but a few minutes), we took the train for this quaint old town of Chester, here to rest for two or three days, and to pass our first Sabbath in England. How green were the fields, fresh with the continual moisture of dews and dripping showers! And how delicious the quiet of this old town, founded by the Romans, and still encircled by the walls which they reared for its defence. Entering within this walled enclosure, we seem to have found a shelter from the noise of the outside world,—a place apart where we may "rest awhile." Our visit has been made the more pleasant by meeting here an eminent Christian scholar, Dean Howson, whose name is well known in America as one of the joint authors of that admirable work, "*Conybeare and Howson's Life and Travels of St. Paul*." He has just returned from the Church Congress at Newcastle, where earnest men of the Church of England met to take counsel on questions of Christian faith and Christian duty. His personal influence is used for everything that is good. Last evening I saw the Cathedral packed with an immense audience, to which an Irish Bishop, who is at the same time a peer of the realm, Lord



PLUNKETT, preached a sermon as simple and earnest and evangelical as SPURGEON would have preached in his Tabernacle. Dean Howson has given us such a cordial welcome that we have already a home feeling in this dear old city. Here we have enjoyed a Sabbath of perfect

rest, and as we listened to the chimes of the ancient Cathedral, and joined in the service of prayer and praise, our hearts ascended in grateful offerings to Him who had led us in safety across the deep.

H. M. F.

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### THE SABBATH-KEEPING CAPTAIN.

I once knew the captain of a sperm whaler in the Pacific, whose name was Morgan. About ten days before sailing on his first cruise, he happened to enter a religious meeting. The result was eventful. Divine grace wrought such a change on him that when he went to sea again, the old hands among his crew scarcely knew him. He who once never gave a command without an oath, was now never heard to swear; and such was the force of his character and the power of his example, that in a few months' time not a man of his crew dared to use a profane expression within his hearing. The discipline of the ship was not a bit lessened, and every one was happier.

His owner was a Sidney merchant, who had several vessels employed in the sperm fishery. Sailing for the fishing grounds, as he was reading his Bible in the cabin, he came to the Commandments, and the question of lowering the boats on the Sabbath, all at once started up in his mind. The words were not to be evaded: "In it thou shalt do no manner of work;" and he resolved to follow the divine command; although it was not without a great inward struggle that he did so.

But as he thought of his officers and crew, who were paid no wages, but proportionate shares of the oil captured, he felt anxious. They

might mutiny and resist him by force. He could only hope that the occasion might not arise; but if so, he would do his duty—the issue was in the hands of God.

They reached their station, and weeks passed without a sperm-whale coming in sight. At last, one Sunday afternoon, two hours before sunset, the longed-for cry of "There she spouts!—there again" reached the deck from the lookout at mast-head, and instantly all was activity and bustle. Each crew sprang to lower its respective boat, and for one brief moment the captain hesitated. It was but a moment, however.

As if spoken in his ear, he thought he heard distinctly the words, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy!" and his own voice rang through the ship declaring that not a boat should leave her that day.

The scene that ensued,—the amazement, succeeded by rage, when they understood the motive, the violence and tumult,—all may be imagined. But the captain was unmoved, and his courageous undaunted demeanor at last quelled the riot; but not until he had promised them that he would give up to them from his own shares in future captures, an equivalent for their loss on the present occasion.

"The owner will think nothing of his share, of course!" said his

mate, who had been foremost in opposition, as he followed his captain into the cabin. "This will be the first and last vessel you'll ever command, at any rate! I'd like to have that agreement taken down in black and white, if you please, Captain Morgan, and so would the crew, and at once, too."

The captain answered mildly, pointing out to the mate that any agreement executed on the Sabbath would be null in the law, and promised to satisfy them on the morrow. There was sadness in his tones as he spoke, for Morgan felt the truth of what his mate had said, that no owner would ever give him a ship to command again.

The mate was a rough sailor, who had known his commander from boyhood. He felt touched with pity for one whose motive in thus acting he respected, and in his blunt way he apologized to the captain for what he had said about the shares:

"You see, Captain Morgan, I have a wife and five children to keep; and if Providence sends us a whale on Sunday, I take it as Providence means us to catch that whale—leastways that's my—"

The words hung on his lips, and he stood motionless, his eyes fixed on an object close before him. Morgan had sat for some minutes brooding on the probable effect on his future prospects of that day's incident, and trying in the strength of newly-found hopes, to say,—  
"Thy will be done." He had continued for some minutes thus,

when a sudden exclamation aroused him.

"Captain Morgan! Come here quick, sir, please! Look!

And the mate pointed at what had arrested his attention, and with a look of alarm, saw the mercury of the barometer rapidly falling lower and lower as he stood. Morgan jumped up and looked. Both sprang on deck to call the crew. Well was it that none of them had left the ship in her boats; for all were needed for the life-and death struggle, which taxed every energy, and demanded the utmost efforts of every one on board.

For three days they scudded before the hurricane; and when it passed, they found they had been driven some hundreds of miles beyond the bounds they had set to their cruising ground.

Scarcely had the weather moderated when they found themselves in the midst of a whole "school" of sperm whales, and two were secured. Hardly were these "tried out," when more were seen; so fortunate were they, that instead of two, or even three years, (the usual time taken to fill a good sized ship), Captain Morgan's vessel returned to Sidney in ten months! Thus the captain's firmness in acting up to his conviction of duty, instead of causing him loss, had a contrary effect; and his owner was so well pleased at his quick return with so rich a cargo, that he told him he might lower or not when he pleased.

*Bethel Flag.*

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### THE STORY OF A HYMN.

The following is from the biography of Bishop Heber, in the *Standard of the Cross*:—

Reginald Heber was born at

Malpas, in Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783. He was a precocious boy, and at seven years of age he had translated Phædrus into



English verse. His prize poem at Oxford University on "Palestine," written in his twentieth year, stands at the head of that class of somewhat ephemeral productions. His "Palestine" will live, and so will his tender and graceful lines to his wife at Bombay, and so will his nautical hymn,—

"When through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming."

But all his poetry, and his Bampton Lectures, and his able *Quarterly Review* articles, are weighed down by his single matchless missionary hymn. Its composition was on this wise:—

While Reginald Heber was rector of the Episcopal church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he went to pay a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, then Vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. Heber was in his thirty-sixth year, and had come to Wrexham to deliver the first of a series of Sunday evening lectures in Dr. Shipley's church. In the morning of that same day, Dr. Shipley was to deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

On the afternoon before "Whitsunday" (1819), Heber and his father-in-law sat chatting in Dr. Shipley's parlor. Dr. Shipley, knowing his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, said to him, "Write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow morning." Short notice that for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room, and in a little time had prepared three verses, of which the first ran thus:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain."

Heber read the three verses over, and only altered a single word. The seventh line of the second verse was:

"The *savage* in his blindness."

The author erased that word, and substituted for it the better word *heathen*. "There, there," coolly remarked Dr. Shipley, "that will do very well." Heber was not satisfied, and said, "No, no; the sense is not complete." In spite of his father's protest, Heber withdrew for a few moments longer, and then coming back, read the following glorious bugle blast which rings like the *reveille* of the millennial morning.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll!  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole!  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinner's slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

"What shall we sing it to?" inquired Dr. Shipley. Mr. Heber, who had a fine musical ear, suggested a popular air called "'Twas when the seas were roaring." The suggestion was adopted, and on the next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the "first rehearsal" of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe. The air to which it was sung originally has given place, at least in our American churches, to a sonorous and lofty tune composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. The air is worthy of the hymn, and both are perfect. No profane hymn-tinker ever dared to lay his bungling finger on a single syllable of those four stanzas which the Holy Spirit moved Reginald Heber to write. Little did the rector of Hodnet dream, as he listened to the lines sung that Sunday morning, that he was catching the first strains of his own immortality. He "buildd better than

he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Apollos, or had founded a board of missions. In the "monthly concerts," held in New England school-houses, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to "Ceylon's Isle," and in the vast assemblies of the American Board, Heber's trumpet hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears. It is the marching music to which Christ's hosts "keep step" as they advance to the conquest of the globe.

Heber lived but seven years after the composition of his masterpiece.

In June, 1823, he departed for Calcutta, as the missionary Bishop of India. For three years he toiled and traveled incessantly, and wherever he went his apostolic sweetness of character and benig-nity won even the "heathen in their blindness." After a laborious day's work at Trichinopoly, he went to his bath to refresh his weary frame. He remained in the bath-room until his attendants became alarmed, and when they came in they found Reginald Heber *asleep in Jesus*. His gentle spirit had stolen away to join in the "song of Moses and the Lamb."

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### LIFTING UP THE CROSS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Mr. Moody has said that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is his system of theology. As far as the Old Testament Scriptures are concerned, that chapter is the richest in its unfoldings of redemption. But no twenty verses in the Bible seem to us to contain such a "body of divinity" as those which are to be found in the third chapter of John. There we have human depravity, regeneration, the work of the Spirit, the love of God in providing redemption and the great core-truth of the Atonement by the cross—all presented from the lips of the Son of God himself. The Sermon on the Mount was Christ's great discourse—his resurrection of Lazarus was his great miracle—his intercession for his church on the night of his betrayal was his great prayer—and the talk with Nicodemus was his great conversation.

Above this marvelous chapter rises the *cross*. On any dark Sab-

bath night the residents on the eastern side of New York may see an illuminated cross suspended in mid-air and flashing like a beacon light on a stormy shore. That beautiful object crowns the spire of "St. Augustine's chapel"; and whenever there is a service in the church, the cross is lighted, up in the air, as a sign of invitation to all the dwellers round about. From hundreds of tenement-house windows, and from many a garret of poverty and vice, this blessed beacon of hope is visible. "Old Trinity" deserves the public thanks both for that free chapel, the free services, and the uplifting of that bright cross above the dark and depraved mass of humanity that welters in the mighty town.

Good Christianity means cross-bearing. Good preaching means *cross-lifting*. "And I," said the blessed Redeemer, "if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me." This does not refer to



his exaltation, but to his sacrificial death. When he told Nicodemus that the Son of Man must be lifted up, he predicted his own crucifixion, and defined the great single purpose of it to be this,—“Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” How unwarranted is the assertion of some Unitarians that Jesus preached only a divine system of morality, but did not teach the Atonement or salvation by his cross!

From the manger of Bethlehem every footstep of Jesus moves straight towards that cross. His whole life converges there. After the Spirit's descent, the only gospel from heaven that was preached was the gospel of atoning blood. It was Paul's key-note. Whatever else he omitted, he never omitted the “faithful saying.” The preaching for these days,—the only preaching that can silence scepticism, and convict sinners, and save the penitent, is the preaching which lifts up the crucified Son of God.

Nothing moves and melts the heart like the love-story of Calvary. Good old Gilbert Tennent was missed one Sabbath after his morning service. His family went in search of him. They found him in a woods near the church, lying on the ground and weeping like a child. They inquired the cause of his emotion. He told them that, after preaching on the love of the dying Savior, he had gone out into

the woods to meditate. He got such views of the wondrous love of God in sending his Son into the world to die for sinners, that he was completely overwhelmed. The glory of the cross seemed to smite him down and break his very heart as it had the heart of Paul. He saw no one save Jesus only.

A clear, distinct look at Jesus is what every sinner also needs to convict him of guilt and break him down. The preaching which melts hard hearts is Christ-preaching—cross-preaching. It wounds and it heals. It kills sin and brings to the penitent sinner a new life. Moses had nothing else to do but to *lift up* the brazen serpent before the bitten, dying multitude in the camp. We ministers find our foremost duty and our holiest delight in simply lifting up the atoning Lamb of God before the eyes of our congregation. Nothing else can touch and fire the true believer like the vision of his bleeding Lord.

Brethren, let us lift up the cross! Let us rally to that as the last hope of a sin-cursed world—as the only breakwater against the floods of error and iniquity. If the cross of Calvary cannot save the world—*it is gone!* But it will! God has hung the destiny of the race on that cross. Our duty begins and ends in setting that one beacon of salvation full before the eye of every immortal soul.—*New York Evangelist.*

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### ONE WHO TRIED TWO MASTERS.

“Do I believe in Jesus? Ay, sir, that I do, with all my soul, heart, mind and strength. I believe in him, I love him, and I mean to serve him to the very best of my

ability for the balance of my days.”

The speaker was not a well-matured Christian, not by any means the type of a “perfect man in Christ Jesus;” on the contrary, it

was only for a little while that he had begun to serve Jesus at all; and his very countenance was scarred and seamed by the sins of his former life. But he had come to a halt,—had considered his ways and “with full purpose of heart” had turned to the Lord. In this new life he was quite as much in earnest, quite as resolute and determined, as he had ever been in the way of evil.

I saw him first as he presented himself a candidate for church membership, and when asked if he “believed in Jesus,” with a look of mingled surprise at the implied doubt, and of joyful assurance that lighted up his whole face, he gave the answer quoted above.

Then, springing to his feet and facing the congregation, he added, “How can I help believing in One who has broken the fetters of sin that had bound me fast for so many years, and made a free man of me; One who has rooted out the terrible, burning thirst for liquor that was consuming me, body and soul, and given me in its stead a longing for Himself, for His forgiveness, His everlasting love, and His blessed service? Don’t talk to me about antidotes, or pledges, or any thing of the sort. They may be well enough for some men, and I don’t doubt they have done a great deal of good in the world; but mine was a desperate case. I had lost all power over myself, the evil one led me captive at his will, and nothing but Omnipotence itself was strong enough to break the evil yoke. Worse than all, I had lost all hope of myself, and ceased to make any effort to restrain my wicked propensities. I knew I was far on my way to perdition, but I was too hardened in sin and too stultified by strong drink, to be very much troubled either by

my guilt or danger, till I was struck down, as was Saul of Tarsus, and like him had my eyes opened by Almighty power. Then I fell on my knees just where I was, and cried to God to save me from myself, and help me to come to him. I saw my sins as I had never seen them before; I felt all my unworthiness, all my weakness, all my utter inability even to come to the great, merciful Savior I saw waiting to help and to save me. So I cried aloud, ‘O, Jesus, Master, save me in spite of myself; put out thy hand and snatch me from the Evil One who holds me fast bound, and give to me, who have no power at all, the power and strength to cling only to thee.’

“And he did it. From that hour, now nine months ago, he has held me so fast that neither my old master, Satan, my own evil nature, nor my former burning thirst for liquor have had any power to separate me from my Lord and Savior.

“And you ask me, sir, if I believe in Jesus? Do I believe in the very breath I draw? Do I believe that I am alive to-day? that I am on earth and not in hopeless perdition? that I have heaven before me, and not hell? Ay, ay, sir, you may be assured I believe in my Lord and Master, and that every throb of my heart is henceforth a hallelujah to his praise, for I stand here to-day a monument of his power to save the very worst sinner, and of his wonderful compassion for them that are farthest lost in the mazes of their own iniquities. And O, my friend, if there is here present one who, like me, has been a slave of the Evil One, I need not tell you that the Devil is the hardest task-master that ever a man served. You know it to your cost, and I know it, for I served him long and



faithfully. But if you want a master who gives life and liberty, rest and peace now, and blessedness forever, come to Jesus,—Jesus the sinner's only Savior, and one who came to seek and to save just such poor, miserable, lost and needy sinners as you and I. You can't come? No, I know you can't but he can draw you by his own almighty love, and he will if you just trust him. Don't doubt his willingness or his power; since he saved me surely no other need ever despair. But come, *come* now, before it be forever too late."

He wiped his streaming eyes and sat down, and there was many an older Christian present who felt that he could hardly have preached such a sermon, or borne stronger testimony for his Lord and Master. As Jesus said of the Magdalen, "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much."—*Christian Treasury*.

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### "It's All the Lord's."

BY REV. H. C. HADYN, D. D.

"When I educate and support my family, I am doing God service. All my income is the Lord's. My whole life is given up to him. It's all the Lord's." Thus, for substance, said a worthy pastor to the writer, as opposed to the setting aside any specific per cent. of income for benevolence. It seemed to him that we were making an unworthy discrimination between matters essentially the same. He did not like the idea of "parcelling out" life and income in this way. In bulk, life and income, and the man himself, belong to God.

No one cares to dispute a self evident proposition. We accept the statement and doubt not the sincerity of the brother who uttered it. We understand that the late Mr.

Merriam, of Springfield, was opposed, for himself, to this "parcelling out" of his income, so much for the Lord's work; as if all true work was not the Lord's and to be entered upon religiously. To all this it may be said: Yes, the dedication we make is to be entire—but when that is done, the *administration* of it all is left to us. And it simply is not safe for most men to go on and not parcel out time and money to this and that department of life and work. In fact the Lord recognizes the need, and the principle involved in it, when he sets apart the seventh as hallowed time. The rest of time is not therefore profane. Also when he instituted the tithe,—in the days before Moses,—the rest of property was not therefore to be used unrighteously. So do all Christians when they set apart a certain fraction of each day for devotional purposes,—the rest of the day is not therefore godless. Doing all things to the glory of God, it is yet found expedient to give a part of each day to what is strictly religious, and one day in seven to turn aside from secular pursuits altogether. It is on the same principle that men are summoned in administering the "all" which they recognize as the Lord's, to say how much shall go into this and that channel of lawful expenditure; or to say that such a per cent. shall be set aside for the strictly religious service of God, and out of the balance the family shall be maintained for his glory, and as serving him. This discrimination is certainly legitimate.

Allow that some, let us hope many, without such a parcelling out of income, will put family expenses down to a reasonable limit of economy for the sake of the good to be done for the souls of men, at home and abroad, yet it must also be con-

fessed that very many will do no such thing. And Christian people, who will say, "Oh yes, we are the Lord's—our property is his," do spend lavishly on themselves, on the education and maintenance of their children in the style of fashionable society, and in personal indulgence. So that what they give for strictly religious purposes, is out of sight, a contemptible little compared with what they spend upon themselves. The fact is, "parceling out" is needful in our time, as a barrier to sinful extravagance in the use of the Lord's money. And to see to it that some just and fair per cent. is first set aside for distinctively religious purposes, is the only way to make sure, with many people, if not with all, that it will ever find such a destination.

We do well to get it into our inmost heart and inmost conscience that we and what we call ours are the Lord's—and then to see clearly that the *administration* of this wondrous "all" is left with us, a solemn, abiding stewardship, of amazing possibilities.

So it may be "all the Lord's," and yet be wisely "parcelled out" in our administration of it. Indeed, for lack of it, no man in his senses would care to meet the reckoning of some Christian people.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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### How to Love God.

In a beautiful New England village a young boy lay very sick, drawing near to death and very sad. His heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines. One day I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to

love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed:

"What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large, hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered. "God wants us to trust him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God, to put your trust in him first of all." Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that he might believe in him, and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men: how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and every one who believed came to love without trying to at all.

He drank in all the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," and without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



### Striker Stowe's Way.

Striker Stowe was a tall, powerful Scotchman, whose position as "Boss Striker" at the steel works made him generally known. Nearly all of the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious, and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. No droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled, and said, "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather,—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit, he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time, one evening, I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It is now tan o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would halp me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty.

"From eight till nine he kep' me, an' I put down another dot. From nine till tan he's kep' me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot.

"Just as I mark these I pray, 'O Lord, halp me—halp me to fight it off for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything.

"It is just as if he took me by the hand and said, 'Wark awa,' Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearful. You teck care o' yeer regular wark, an' I'll see to the De'il an' the thirst, an' they shall na trouble ye."—*Advance.*

### "How Much Owest Thou?"

It was my lot to live for some years in one of those antiquated Welsh towns with an unpronounceable name (to a Saxon) of which a willingly incredulous stranger might say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth!"

Among the members of my class was an old Welsh lady, Mrs. O——.

Providence had once smiled upon her in temporal affairs, but the Father tried his child by taking from her the light of her eyes, as "by a stroke," and children withered and died one by one, so that she lived "alone, yet not alone."

"'Twas little she could do," for poverty, as is often the case, was accompanied by sickness,—so that by the earnings of her needle she barely subsisted. Parish authorities added to it a weekly pittance, and this was all she had, save the kind gifts of friends.

I often visited her in her little room, and often found her confined to her bed.

When tickets were renewed, if she were not present, I hastened to take her ticket, knowing what pleasure it gave her to receive it.

Visiting her one day for this purpose, I found her in great weakness.

On handing her the ticket, the conversation ran thus:—

"I have brought you your ticket,

Mrs. O——, but you need not give anything."

"Oh! but I must."

"No! no! I'll see that your name stands all right in the class book."

"Sir, if you will look in the little cup on the shelf you will find the *Lord's money*."

"But the Lord does not wish you to give to His cause what you absolutely need. I can't take it."

And then the "hot rain" fell down her aged cheek, as she said, "'Tis but little I can give to the Lord, but what did He give for me? He loved me and gave Himself for me. Take it, sir, I can't eat my morsel happily if you don't."

And so I took it and murmured blessings on the head of her whose heart "the love of Christ" did so "constrain," and prayed evermore I might remember, "Ye are not your own." Reader, "*how much* owest thou unto the Lord?"  
—*Rev. Samuel Wilkes.*

### Your Duty.

A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished for death, being asked how he hoped to escape everlasting pain, replied,—“I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can.”

“What are you praying for?” I asked.

“For the pardon of my sins.”

“But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she prepared for you, what would be your duty?”

“To take it from her, surely.”

“Do you think that God is offering you anything?”

“O yes, sir. I think He is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ.”

“What is your duty, then?”

“Ah, sir,” he said, with much feeling, “I ought to accept it.”

“And yet you keep asking Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once? But now, tell me what you really require in order to be this moment a pardoned man.”

“I only want faith in Jesus,” was his answer.

“Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive Him as your Savior, and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity.”

Will the *reader* solemnly think of this?

### Turn Your Face to the Light!

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, “Everything looks dark, dark!” “Why don’t you turn your face to the light, auntie dear?” said my little niece, who was standing unperceived beside me.

“Turn your face to the light!” The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

Why is it that we so steadily turn from the light? Do you ever watch the plants growing in your window? How joyfully they lift their heads to the bright sun that pours his warm beams upon them! Now try to bend them in an opposite direction. You may succeed for a while, but look at them in a day or two, and you will find that every



little leaf and blossom has been patiently working and working until again the cheering rays of the sun shine upon their happy faces. Shall not the flowers teach us a lesson?

The bane of our lives is discontent with our present surroundings. Day after day we tug at the chain of our daily cares and duties, extracting no enjoyment, only eager to see them performed. The mother, with her little ones about her, tired with the never-ending demands upon her love and patience, looks joyfully forward to the time when they will no longer need her ceaseless watchfulness; and the overworked merchant snatches a moment when, having slipped from his shoulders the heavy load of care, he may begin to gather a little enjoyment out of life.

So the years come and go, bringing at last to the tired mother the coveted days of leisure, but, alas! they leave behind dreary, empty rooms and only the memory of childish voices. They remove, too, the burden from the weary man of the world, but with it go all the strength and glory that make life desirable.

Now is not this discontent wrong, nay, wicked? Life is too precious to be spent in vain longing for some unknown good. Here, *now*, is the very best time that can come to us.

The poet tells us that Sir Launfal wandered over all the earth in search of Holy Grail; and when at last, after long years had flown, he returned aged and bent to his old home, lo! there under his own castle walls did he find the object of his search.

So we, who spend our lives in search of that rare pearl, happiness, learn when it is too late, that it is found only in doing with all our might the duties that lie nearest.—*Christian Leader*.

## Christ's Call to the Sailor.

BY REV. DR. EDWARD HOPPER

The voice of Christ to sailor-men

Is heard on land and sea,—

As long ago, so now again,—

“O sailor, look to Me!”

At work or watch, by day or night,

Becalmed or cast away,

He who has ears to hear aright,

May hear his voice alway :—

“My wandering sons, from home astray

On every shore and sea,—

The spoils of men, the ocean's prey,—

O sailors, look to Me!

When sinking down in gaping graves

That open in the sea,

His voice is heard above the waves,—

‘O sailor, look to Me!’

“When lured ashore by syren spell

And haunt of revelry,

Whose doorways are the gates of hell,—

O sailor, look to Me!

“When robbed and bruised and left to die

In sin and misery,

No helper near, or pitying cry,—

O sailor, look to Me!

“When trembling with remembered sin,

And guilt's sharp agony,

God's arrows sticking fast within,—

O sailor, look to Me!

“Look not alone on sin and guilt,—

But look on Calvary,—

The cross whereon My blood was spilt,

Oh sailor-man, for thee!

“Tossed on the stormy ocean's breast,

And troubled like the sea,—

You cannot find the land of rest

Unless you look to Me!

“My chart and compass show the path,

Away from sands and shoals,

Away from thickening clouds of wrath

That threaten guilty souls.

“My anchor sure forever more

Mid storm and tempest shocks,

Will hold unstrained when breakers roar

To drive you on the rocks.

“My light shall guide you to the shore

And rest for which you long,—

With labors done and dangers o'er,

And life, an endless song.”

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## At Stations on the Foreign Field.

## Labrador Coast, N. A.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Writing from Montreal, Dec. 1st, '81, Mr. A. W. GERRIE, missionary, says that the number of fishing vessels in the harbor during the summer of last year, was less than usual, but with those which were there the work was interesting and profitable. "The men were almost always glad of the opportunity to get to church. Congregations were good, especially during the busy season, many having to stand for want of seats. The new church was completed during the summer, and is now very comfortable."

our faithful and successful workman for sailors, there, had been quite ill for three weeks, at the date of his letter, Dec. 21st, although then convalescent.

## Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

The last letter of Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, missionary, was written Dec. 9th, '81, and in it he spoke of a most interesting and fruitful work of divine grace among seamen on vessels in that harbor and in the hospital. Incidents and experiences are given, which must be reserved until next month.

## Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

In September, October and November, '81, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, missionary, in pursuing his work, met Alandian, Swedish and English sailors. On Sunday and on Wednesday evenings, meetings are held at the Sailors' Home, Stadsgarden No. 12; and there, lately, "some of the sailors have been glad to come to Jesus." The work of conviction for sin appears to have been very thorough. "Some," he writes, "were in great distress. Old ungodly sailors listen now with attention to the word, and believing sailors, captains and mates, testify of Jesus, exhorting their companions to come to Him."

## Germany.

HAMBURG.

Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, port missionary, contributes some items as to recent work among the crews of vessels in harbor. He heads one of them:—

*Solemn Thoughts at Sea—Prayer  
Answered.*

"During the month of October, 1881, several vessels arrived which had suffered much in the recent gales, some of them being in great peril. At times all hope of being saved was lost. *'Then they cried unto the Lord in their troubles, and the Lord heard and brought them out of their distresses. So He bringeth them to their desired haven.'*

"We have heard from not a few how they felt, and what they thought, when it looked as if the ship was sinking. On one vessel all on board were crying unto the Lord out of the deep, for the vessel was under water. Then the ship trembled, freed herself, and rose upon the waves. An officer said to the missionary,—*'I thought of you and the prayers offered for sailors in perils on the sea, at the Institute. I believe we were saved in answer to prayer.'*

## Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, for many years missionary at the Sailors' Home in New York, but now spending the winter in C., will return to his old post, D. V., in April next. He writes that the services at the new Bethel Ship in C., are well attended, but is grieved to add that Mr. WOLLESON,



"On another vessel, as we were informed, a few of the crew united in prayer to God for deliverance, encouraged by the words in the fiftieth psalm,—*'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee,'* and like the other ship, they being quite under the sea, there was the same deliverance. First, as if Almighty God had touched the vessel, she trembled, then rose to the surface, and on their arrival in harbor, they came to the Sailor's Institute where a thanksgiving meeting was held for them. It was touching to hear both officers and sailors tell of the hairbreadth escapes they had had from a watery grave, and of how important it is to be always ready to meet their God, to listen, also, to the vows made, and the prayers offered, resulting in decisions for Christ.

"Verily God has been speaking especially to sailors, of late, and we can bear testimony that his voice, in many cases, has been heard, making men tremble, causing solemn thoughts, and prompting the cry,—*'Lord, save us:—we perish.'*

"The importance of having and sustaining missions to seamen in every large port, is apparent, when we consider how soon the solemn thoughts awakened at sea in many sailors' minds are forgotten when they go ashore and mix with the worldly minded, and thoughtless. This, in many cases we believe is the fact, and merely because there is no missionary, and no Institute to welcome and help them in their time of need. The Institute, here, is to many a refuge, and a safe harbor, a place to hold communion with God, and God's people. We are trying to draw away the sailors from the questionable places of amusement, by providing healthy and instructive entertainments for them."

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### Belgium.

ANTWERP.

In a recent communication, chaplain PORTS says that "judging from the prayers and remarks at the prayer meeting on Sabbath evening, the word is being blessed. It is like balm to my soul, and inspiration, to be so earnestly prayed for, as I am, in these meetings."

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### Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, missionary, makes report, December 22nd, '81, and his letter, as follows, reached us January 17th:—

"It is with much pleasure that I write to tell you of work done during the past quarter, in the furtherance of Gospel teaching among seamen. Large opportunities have been given us to work for souls, since the arrival of the British Fleet, in our waters. Before their arrival, we had a goodly number of American and English merchant vessels in port, besides two American men-of-war, which gave us plenty to do. But, thank God, we have had strength given for renewed efforts.

#### *Joyful Work.*

"It has been a glorious time. The Lord has not failed to bless the work, by giving us an open door to the hearts of our dear brethren from the sea. It would not be possible in this report to give you a detailed account of the various interesting meetings which we have held on ship-board, and on shore, or of the large number of earnest, devoted Christian officers and seamen we have had fellowship with, and listened to with delight as they testified for Jesus, and of His power to save and keep on land or sea. We have found our fine Meeting and Reading-rooms, at the Mission, more than ever the kind of thing needed, as a place of refuge from temptation, to the large number of seamen who have visited us of late,—an "oasis in the desert," as one sailor friend puts it, in a letter we have received. He is one of a large number who have written to us since the departure of the two squadrons, expressing gratitude for good received. I will endeavor to have one or more of these epistles copied to forward you by next mail. We intend keeping the originals in memory of the writers. The dear fellows left us large numbers of their photographs to frame and hang up in the reading-room.

#### *Summary of Labor.*

"We have been enabled to hold Gospel tea-meetings, temperance tea-meetings, and sociables, as many as one hundred and twenty seamen sitting down to partake of tea at one of these,—and eighty, seventy, and sixty, at others.

"We have also had lectures, illustrated by magic lantern, musical entertainments, &c., all of which have been greatly appreciated. The attendance for the quarter at the various Gospel and temperance meetings held at the Mission Rooms, has been 1,828, 63 of which were officers, and the number of visits recorded at the reading-room for the same period, was 2,078. The number of meet-

ings held on shore, and shipboard, were 153. I have paid 112 visits to the ships, 17 to the hospitals, and 23 to the prisons. On the American ship *Lucille*, the chief officer reported that the Society's library, number unknown, was lost overboard in a storm. On the other ships visited, the libraries were all in good condition. I have distributed large quantities of religious literature, and have either given away or sold to seamen, 50 Bibles, Testaments, Prayer and Hymn Books.

*Services and Fruit on the U. S. S. Alert.*

"On the U. S. S. *Alert*, Sunday morning services were kept up regularly until her departure on a cruise. Capt. KEMPF called at the Mission, before leaving, and thanked me heartily for what had been done on the ship, expressing the hope that I might be the first on board on the return of the ship to Yokohama. I think a good work has been done, both among the officers and crew. The Chief Engi-

neer called also, and a Lieutenant who was under deep conviction of sin. This officer said he had been much impressed at the previous Sunday service. We had an interesting conversation on the subject of personal salvation, together with prayer, and he left us apparently much happier in mind.

*A Worthy Help Mate.*

"My wife has accompanied me on several occasions to the grog saloons, inviting the sailors to our various services, besides visiting the prisons, hospitals, and assisting with the singing at all my meetings, &c.

*Confessing Jesus.*

"Several men have openly confessed Christ, believers have testified that their spiritual life has been quickened and deepened, and much seed has been sown, that I trust will yet spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God."

## At Stations In the United States.

### New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. JAMES SMITH, missionary at our Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, reported, at the end of 1881:—

"The work goes on much the same as before. Meetings are very well attended. Especially in the month of October they were marked in interest and numbers. Not a few men were hopefully converted. Many have cause to thank God that they were led to the Home. Several have told me that they never intended to come here; they intended to have a good spree, and to live in some of the hidden places of iniquity. A wonderful change was manifest in them. They were found with the people of God, reading his word, and testifying to his grace and power in saving them who had been chief of sinners.

"Our temperance work is very encouraging. We have had about 200 who have signed the pledge in the Home during the year, and more than that in connection with our work in the *Church of Sea and Land*, nearly all of them seamen. Many have testified that through this instrumentality they have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. A man-of-war man writes from another port, to send a pledge to him for a shipmate. He took the pledge

eighteen months ago, and has saved the money he used to spend in drink,—has now a nice little sum in the savings bank,—and has induced his comrade to do likewise, he is also praying for him that he may become a Christian.

"There are seasons, however, when it seems that everything is against us,—so few care for these things:—so often when the good seed is sown, the Evil One takes away the word and it becomes unfruitful.

"During the year we have had, besides family worship and church service, over six hundred meetings in the interests of seamen, prayer, experience, and temperance. We have also supplied religious reading to many going to sea, besides making the usual visits to vessels, boarding-houses, and hospitals. For the most part, we have been very kindly received."

Writing Jan. 10th, Mr. Smith adds:—

"I should like to state in connection with the report already made, that we have very lately had times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Especially has this been so at this New Year's season. It has indeed been a happy New Year to numbers of those who go down to the sea in ships. In our watch-meeting service, which was well attended, every hand was raised for prayer. Five sailors left port on the following day determined to serve the Lord. Since then three have been hopefully converted.



*During the last year upwards of sixty have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth."*

Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, missionary, made 2,058 visits to vessels of all classes, and 701 to sailor boarding-houses, with 18 to hospitals and asylums, during the last quarter of 1831. He also attended 176 public services, and conducted 101. We hold interesting extracts from his cheerful report of what he has seen and experienced, in all this labor, and during the past year, for future pages.

### North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

Capt. P. E. HEIDE, Swedish Consul at this port, sends us a letter dated December 24th, '81, in attestation of the value of chaplain CRAIG's work, which we must withhold until the March MAGAZINE. It is a candid, clear, hearty encomium.

### South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Rev. Dr. L. H. SHUCK, assistant chaplain, states that regular services have been kept up at the Mariners' Bethel with excellent congregations. Besides seamen, quite a number of Christian men and women of all religious denominations show interest in the work by their regular attendance. Tracts and copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, are regularly distributed. In the general work of visiting shipping, and distributing Bibles, tracts, &c., valuable assistance has been rendered by Mr. C. NELSON, a converted seaman,—also by Mr. A. L. YATES. The outlook is encouraging. Many hearts are praying for God's blessing. The chaplain, Rev. W. B. YATES, still continues in very feeble health. Forty years of arduous labor spent in this field, will ere long be succeeded by the "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

### Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

In the quarter ending Dec. 31st, '81, Rev. RICHARD WEBB, chaplain, who has quite recovered from the injuries received by a fall, paid 358 visits to vessels, preach-

ed 54 times, and made large distribution of reading matter. The port is largely filled with Scandinavian vessels. The anniversary of the Bethel S. S. was held Dec. 30th, and the anniversary of the Port Society was to be celebrated on the 15th January.

### Florida.

PENSACOLA.

Rev. JOHN S. PARK, the recently appointed chaplain, has preached at the Scandinavian church, on the principal wharf, Sabbath afternoons. He speaks of the great value of the SAILORS' MAGAZINES, which have been distributed by him in his visits to the Marine Hospitals, saying,—“the patients tell me they have read every single line in the copies I left on my previous visit.”

### Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Chaplain PEASE reports that since the beginning of the year, a series of religious meetings have been held at the Bethel. The attendance is large, and the promise encouraging. The Reading-room is thronged from morning until night. He asks the prayers of Christian readers of the MAGAZINE.

### Texas.

GALVESTON.

Over date of Dec. 17th, Rev. H. P. YOUNG, chaplain, states that he has steadily prosecuted his work among seamen, though with great disadvantage, on account of the work being confined entirely to vessels. The moral and religious influence of Christian work among the men is signalized by their good behavior during their stay in port, with the exception of some immoral and disagreeable characters among them. “I visit,” writes Mr. Young, “all the vessels in port, once a week, distribute SAILORS' MAGAZINES, talk to them on religious subjects, and of Jesus Christ as the only Savior of the world. Though I cannot speak of direct conversions, I can say, that very of-

ten I have seen the tears of joy, as well as of remorse, among these rough men of the sea,—an evidence of the divine influence of the Spirit of God upon their hearts. The work is constantly increasing, owing to the general development of the State, and of railroad facilities. The connection of the Santa Fe Railroad with the Texas Pacific, an uninterrupted and direct road between the Gulf and the Pacific coast, also the Texas and Mexican road, besides many other branches in construction, with the prospect of deep water at the Bar, are to make Galveston a great commercial city, and a seaport of much importance."

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### California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society is at hand. It opens with statements as to the condition of the sailor, victimized as he is by the boarding-house keepers of that city, to an extent which perhaps outruns that in any other city in the United States. Various changes have been made in the grounds and other pertainings of the Sailor's Home.

The Superintendent, Mr. SWANNACK, in speaking of the topic already noticed,—the "perils which environ" the common seamen in the port, writes:—

"The same old foes that have met this object for the many years you have been laboring for seamen, are still on the field, and seemingly better marshalled and led than ever. Liquor saloons, low boarding-houses of filth and iniquity, selfish and greedy men who fatten on the failings of others, all conspire to defeat the efforts benevolent people are disposed to make to better the character and condition of seamen. The better day, we hope, is coming when in some way this army of enemies of all that is manly in "Jack" will be at least shorn of a part of its strength for evil. While this is to be accomplished in part by the persistent effort of a friendly public, it is apparent the sailor is destined to have some part in it himself. I think I can see undeniable evidence of a marked improvement among the sailors, as to their care of themselves and their habits. There is nothing these land sharks fear so much as that "Jack" will reform his habits, look after his money, and in a measure regulate

his own affairs.—for this would be certain death to their occupation. The character of our Home and its superior accommodations are becoming better known through those who from time to time go out from it, and it is therefore becoming less difficult to cope with the army of boarding-house runners and their whisky and lies. The business of the Home has increased considerably during the year, and though the advance is slow, there is every prospect of increase that will be permanent."

The boarders registered at the House from July 31st, '80 to July 31st, '81, were 867, paying to the Institution \$6,639.68. These men deposited with its Superintendent, \$8,104, of which \$7,729 had been sent to friends, or withdrawn, at the date of the Report. The receipts of the Society for the year were \$2,640.22; the expenses, \$2,470.20.

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### The Movement Against "Advances" to Seamen.

It is plain that the agitation of the subject takes hold of the public mind, in many directions. The press gives more and more space to it, and as discussion proceeds, practical unanimity of opinion concerning the evils of the system clearly appears. So, also, apprehension of their number, and bearing, broadens. It is in point to cite from the "Annual Report of the Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service of the United States for 1881," just made to the U. S. Secretary of the Treasury, and by him laid before Congress. Dr. HAMILTON says, and we especially commend his words to our readers, because they open a phase of the matter that may be new to some of them:—

#### *"Physical Examination of Seamen."*

In previous reports the regular shipment of a great number of unseaworthy sailors has been mentioned, so often, in fact, as to almost render the subject threadbare; but while the evil exists, it is presumed that the legal remedy is not beyond reach, or its ultimate application altogether hopeless. Year by year the records of the shipment of incurable sea-



men, chronic invalids, and even lunatics, accumulate; and this only represents the indirect damage to shipping, the actual damage being obscured by causes apparently more immediate. When a vessel is reported as being lost at sea, the not uncommon fact that at the onset of the storm one-third of the crew were unfit for duty, from sickness or old injuries, escapes notice or remark. Thousands of dollars are properly expended, through the Life Saving Service, in saving the lives of persons engaged in commerce with the United States, but we have as yet no public provision looking to the prevention of disasters to sailing craft from weak and inefficient crews; and this notwithstanding the fact that no specific appropriation is required to carry out the necessary regulation. As stated in my last annual report, the "blood-money" takers are really responsible for the non-acceptance of the facilities offered by this Service for the physical examination of crews as preliminary to shipment.\* There has been, however, a great awakening of public opinion in connection with this matter. The burning fact that crews are openly sold like cattle in our great seaports has stimulated renewed inquiry, and a short time since the United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York brought up one of the cases for trial under the provisions of section 4,609 of the Revised Statutes, but it was shown upon the trial that the accused had sold the crew to a foreign vessel instead of to an American vessel, and the judge decided in favor of the accused, on the ground that there was no evidence that Congress intended to prohibit the traffic as far as foreign vessels were concerned. The effect of this decision is to enable the blood-money men to control the sailor market, and if eventually prohibited from plying their trade on American crews, they may still monopolize that of foreign vessels, and prevent the employment of American sailors on foreign craft in our ports. *It is not difficult to see that the source of this evil lies in the advance-wages system. Refuse advance wages and there will be no incentive to deprive the sailor of his hard-earned stipend.*"

Further on in his report, Dr. Hamilton cites, extensively, from the pages of the

SAILORS' MAGAZINE, on the general subject of "Advances," concluding as follows:—

"The blood-money practices are said to be as prevalent now as they were prior to the enactment of the Shipping Commissioners' law of 1872. The Shipping Commissioners, in fact, ship only such men as appear before them for the purpose, and they are brought under the surveillance of landlords to whom the advance wages of the sailor have been previously assigned.\*"

Transmitting a petition for the abolition of "Advance" from New Orleans, La., largely signed, our chaplain PEASE writes:—

"Here are seventy names in all, part of them firms. I presume every evangelical clergyman in the city would sign it if requested, and hundreds of other influential and wealthy citizens. But they have not been invited, because I supposed that you desired the representative business men, of those most intimately connected with the shipping interest. We never have many American ships here, but there are fewer than common at this season of the year just now. But you have all there are. I have invited no American captain who has refused to sign, and other nationalities are of course not wanted. Mr. S. Weeks remarked to me,—*'You may have just as many Homes and Reading-rooms as you please, you never can reform the sailor till you have broken up the system of advance pay.'* I think that is the prevailing sentiment."

The port of Boston, Mass., has lately been thoroughly canvassed for signers to the petition for abolition. The daily and weekly papers have had articles in favor of Congress passing a law to do away with the system, and the Marine Companies, and the New England Shipowners' Association have, by official act, endorsed the movement. So have the Ministers meetings,—Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist. In Boston, the petition bears the signatures of Governor LONG, Lieut. Gov. WESTON, of the members of the Governor's Council, the State Treasurer

\* The U. S. Shipping Commissioner at the port of New York publishes monthly the number of persons shipped through his office, and each time adds, "There were no masters of outgoing vessels that availed themselves of the facilities offered by the Government for the free physical examination of seamen during the month."

\* See "Maritime Register," N. Y., July 13th, 1881; "Nautical Gazette," May 10th, 24th, and 31st, 1879, and various articles in Vols. XI and XII of same journal.

and Secretary, of Ex-Govs. RICE and GASTON, of the present Mayor, and of Ex-Mayors COBB and PRINCE, with a number of the best known maritime lawyers in the city,—in short, of a great number of Boston's best men.

Some confusion, and consequent wrong impression exists in connection with bills which have been presented to Congress, by U. S. Representatives BELMONT of New York, and RUSSELL, of Massachusetts,—the former of which has the endorsement of the New York Maritime Exchange, and the latter that of the New England Shipowners' Association. Neither of these touch the general subject of advance wages to sailors in American ports.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, at an adjourned meeting, January 16th, heard and adopted the report of a Special Committee on the subject of a "Revival of the Shipping Interest of the United States." The Committee consisted of Capt. Ambrose Snow, A. Foster Higgins, J. N. Stark, W. H. Webb and Thos. P. Ball. This Committee added to their own recommendations on several topics, Articles 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 of a late report of the Pacific Social Science Association,—and these were adopted by the Chamber. Article No. 18 is as follows:—

"18. *Abolish Advance Wages.*—That it be made a penal offense to demand or pay advance wages to seamen in any American port, or any bonus whatever for shipping seamen, and that all such payments shall be made void in law, in final settlements with seamen."

The above-named committee was continued to urge upon Congress the necessary action to carry the recommendations into effect.

Capt. C. C. DUNCAN, U. S. Shipping Commissioner at the port of New York, submitted his annual report to the U. S. Circuit Court, January 10th. He spoke in it, in strong terms of the system of extorting blood money, *which*, he says, *will probably live as long as the system of advance wages to seamen prevails.*

THERE WERE SHIPPED at the office of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner, in New York, in the year 1881, 10,308 seamen, of whom 1,324 were reshipped free of all fees. There were 4,020 seamen shipped without advance wages. In the same period 10,118 seamen were discharged and paid off. There were \$550,752 19 paid to seamen in wages, and \$3,155 collected as due deceased seamen. The gross amount of fees received during the year was \$23,027.

### The Magazine and a Sailor's Bible.

A friend who began life, as a sailor, has sent us the following incident, showing how benevolent societies touch and help each other, in prosecuting their one and the same work.

"According to the direction which I once found on the cover of one of your Magazines, I called, when a sailor in the port of New York, at the office of SILAS HOLMES, long since dead, to buy a Bible for myself. There I met that prince of a man, WILLIAM NEILSON, then manager of Mr. Holmes' business; and he spoke to me so friendly and gave me such good advice, that I resolved I would in time, if able, remember the American Bible Society." The writer having been prospered, has kept his promise, as we have reason to know, most generously.

The incident shows, not only how the different departments of evangelical work stand related to each other,—“every one being members one of another,”—but also that “a word fitly spoken” may have an immeasurable influence for good.

### Why Distribute Good Reading Among Seamen?

An old sailor in a letter recently received, says:—“It may interest you to know that a few of your SAILORS' MAGAZINES, presented to me by Father TAYLOR's daughter in Boston, FIFTY years ago, were the means of bringing me under convic-



The steady, earnest, beneficent life of this one convicted and converted sailor, has ever since that time, and in various ways, been a blessing all around the world.

We are not as yet allowed to speak of what he has generously done and still proposes to do for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, but this one instance of its usefulness has more than paid for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, from its beginning.

### Books, Etc.

WORSHIP IN SONG:—a selection of Hymns and Tunes for the service of the Sanctuary, by JOS. P. HOLBROOK, Mus. Doc. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago. pp. 444.

We do not regard the multiplication of Hymn and Tune Books, for use in worship, as a calamity. The science of hymnody is of recent development, and it is certain that the principle of the "survival of the fittest" out of these many books, is to obtain. Of the present we are quick to say, after examination, 1st. That mechanically it is everything which the most fastidious ought to desire. In indices, etc., it has new features, which commend themselves on the merest glance, and will be more and more appreciated after practical use. 2nd. In its hymns, numbering 712, little is left to be desired. It is a symmetrical, nearly a perfect collection. 3rd. In its music, with a judicious insertion of old standards, Dr. Holbrook has gone sufficiently far, in our judgment, in the use of material from the later, particularly the English composers; and with these and his own admirable productions, has made a book which cannot but elevate the general range of church music. "Worship In Song," we apprehend, will prove a formidable candidate for public favor and use. In the best sense, it is a charming book.

We acknowledge receipt of a handsomely printed "Tribute of the Marine Society of New York to the memory of JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD," at a meeting of the

Society held Oct. 10th, '81. Speeches were made by Captains W. C. THOMPSON, G. D. S. TRASK, JAMES PARKER, and RICHARD LUCE, and an appropriate Minute adopted.

### Wild Weather Outside.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,  
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow!—

Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,

With chasms beneath them as black as hell.

The waters frolic in Titan play,

They dash the decks with an icy spray,

The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,

And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.

And oh that the sailor were safe once more

Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar

O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.

The mariner tossed in the jaws of death

Hurls at the storm a defiant breath:

Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam,

"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"

Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,

But resolute still; 'tis the sailor's way.

And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—

Somebody's praying to-night for him.

Ah me! through the drench of the bitter rain,

How bright the picture that rises plain!

Sure he can see, with her merry look,

His little maid crooning her spelling-book;

The baby crows from the cradle fair;

The grandam nods in her easy-chair;

While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,

A woman flits, with an earnest face.

The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings.

And a nameless comfort the picture brings.

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm  
Forever float o'er that isle of calm.

O friends who read over tea and toast

Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,

Think, when the vessels are overdue,

Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,

Of stout hearts battling for love and home

'Mid the cruel blasts and the curdling foam.

And breathe a prayer from your happy lips

For those who must go "to the sea in ships."

Ask that the sailor may stand once more

Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

### Impressions of Work for Seamen.

"In my voyage across the sea, last summer," writes Rev. L. E. JACKSON, of the N. Y. City Mission and Tract Society, December 28th, '81, "I gained new impressions of the important and laborious service rendered by seamen, and proportionately of the value of the Christian and reformatory efforts made for their welfare."

### Total Abstinence at Sea.

The *London (Eng.) Christian* quotes a contemporary as saying:—

"One of the most popular steamship lines that crosses the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York (the Guion Line) is conducted on the total abstinence principle. Neither the officers nor the crew are allowed to partake of any intoxicating beverage while on board ship, and the consequence is, that neither are incapacitated for duty or any hardship during a voyage; and when entering port a healthier or happier body of men is not to be found. This system, it must be patent to all, is one great reason why the Guion Steamship Company can proudly boast that they have never lost a passenger's life. On one voyage to New York, during the month of May, the *Wisconsin* carried 1,100 passengers in the steerage, and the captain of the ship, EDWARD BENTLEY, himself a total abstainer, requested them to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink during the voyage, saying they would be more comfortable without it, and the ship would supply them with all the tea, coffee and water they desired, and plenty of nutritious food. The passengers wisely acted on this advice; consequently, during the entire voyage only two required medical attendance, and before landing in New York an unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Captain Bentley for his thoughtful kindness."

### Marine Society of New York.

We are forced to abbreviate a short account sent us by a valued correspondent, of the 112th anniversary meeting of this venerable and useful organization, but we make room with pleasure, for the following statements:—

"Its first President was chosen January 8th, 1770, viz: LEONARD LISPENARD. The last President chosen January 9th, 1882, is AMBROSE SNOW. It has had thirteen Presidents, serving from one year, each, up; in one case, one served thirty-eight years and seven months.

"This is a charitable society, composed of ship masters as active members to help the widows and orphans of any of their brother sailors that may become poor. During its one hundred and twelve years of existence, it has given in charity, \$281,000. It has upon its roll of recorded membership, 2,981 full and honorary members. I find his Excellency Geo. Washington joined as honorary member in 1783, and Gen. U. S. Grant January 9th, 1881. We have a fund of about \$70,000, the year closing January 1st, 1882. We have \$2,000 credit balance, due to the efficient management of our Treasurer, Capt. D. G. S. Trask and our Secretary, Capt. Geo. S. Hill.

"The Officers of the Society for 1882, are:—President, Capt. AMBROSE SNOW; 1st Vice-President, Capt. E. G. TINKER; 2nd Vice-President, W. H. ALLAN; Treasurer, Capt. G. D. S. TRASK; Secretary, Capt. G. S. HILL, Attorney, WM. A. BUTLER, Esq.; Commissioner for Licensing Sailor Boarding Houses or Hotels, Capt. R. LUCE."

### Sailors' Home, New York.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

DECEMBER, 1881.

Total arrivals.....	164
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,161
of which \$244 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$150 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$767 was returned to depositors.	

### Planets for February, 1882.

MERCURY is an evening star during the first part of the month, setting on the 1st at 6h. 39m. and south of west 15° 46'; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 3rd; is at its greatest elongation at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 6th, being 18° 13' east of the sun; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 13th; is in conjunction with the Moon at 38m. before noon of the 18th, being 1° 38' south; is in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 21st, at 5 o'clock, being 5° 29' north; is in inferior conjunction with the sun at 4 o'clock on the morn-



ing of the 22nd. and during the remainder of the month is a morning star.

VENUS is a morning star during the fore part of the month, but is very near the sun; is in conjunction with the Moon at 44m. past midnight, on the 18th, being 6° 47' south; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 7 o'clock, on the evening of the 20th, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 8h. 58m., being 26° 54' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at noon on the 2nd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23th, at 2h. 25m., being 5° 11' north.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 6h. 11m., being 16° 6' north of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 6th; after this is considered as an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 23rd, at 10h. 39m., being 2° 7' south.

SATURN is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 14m. past midnight, and north of west 15° 7'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 22nd at 3h. 14m., being 4° 38' south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters, December, 1881.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 28, of which 14 were wrecked, 3 were burned, 4 were abandoned, 2 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 2 ships, 13 barks, 4 brigs and 6 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,160,080.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *s. c.* sunk by collision, *b* burned, *a* abandoned, and *f* foundered.

### STEAMERS.

Bath City, *f.* from Bristol for New York.  
City of London, *m.* from London for New York.  
Henry Edye, *m.* from Antwerp for Boston.

### SHIPS.

British Sovereign, *m.* from Dundee for San Francisco.  
Parisian, *m.* from Wilmington for Liverpool.

### BARKS.

Vesta, *b.* from Jacobstad (Russia), for Baltimore, (at Baltimore.)  
Bel Stewart, *a.* from Cork for New York.  
David Babcock, *w.* from New York for Rio Janeiro.  
Maple Leaf, *w.* from Antwerp for New Orleans.

Anna, *a.* from Pillau for New York.  
Walkyre, *w.* from New York for Hong Kong.  
M. J. K., *w.* from New York for Bremen.  
N. M. Havens, *m.* from Philadelphia for Portland.  
W. I. Whiting, *a.* from Liverpool for New York.  
McGilvery, *w.* from Huelva for Philadelphia.  
Rosita, *w.* from Savannah for Bilboa.  
Sophie, *f.* from Goole for Galveston.  
Susie, from Hamburg for Galveston.

### BRIGS.

N. C. Warner, *w.* from Boston for Bridgewater.  
Romo, *b.* from Norfolk for Ghent.  
Agostino C., *w.* from Catania for Baltimore.  
Annie Bogart, *w.* from Dorchester N B for Newburyport.

### SCHOONERS.

Ann, *w.* from Boston for Spruce H Harbor.  
Alice A. Hall, *w.* from New York for Charleston.  
Curran, *w.* from Smithville, N. C. for Corn Cake, N. C.  
A. P. Jordan, *w.* from San Francisco for Altola.  
Virginia, *w.* from Lubec for New York.  
Ida M. Eldridge, *w.* from Aranzas for New Orleans.

Of the above, 2 barks and 5 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$78,160.

### TOTAL LOSSES DURING 1881.

We give herewith a recapitulation of the usual monthly statement of total losses of vessels belonging to and bound to or from ports in the United States, showing the number lost in each month during the year, with their class and estimated value:—

	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Scho'rs.	Total.	Value.
1881.							
January..	2	3	10	5	24	44	\$1,195,200
February..	4	4	21	7	20	56	1,855,300
March....	1	1	22	5	13	42	580,120
April.....	3	3	13	5	29	53	971,222
May.....	5	4	13	1	7	30	1,223,160
June.....	1	3	2	2	7	15	308,900
July.....	—	1	3	1	7	12	146,300
August....	2	2	7	4	17	32	532,840
Septemb'r	—	9	6	3	9	27	576,520
October...	2	4	13	4	23	46	621,560
Novemb'r	1	6	18	5	13	49	1,109,000
December	3	2	13	4	6	28	1,160,080
Totals..	24	44	139	46	181	434	\$10,195,240

The total losses for 1880 aggregated 433 vessels, with a value of 9,612,400; for 1879, 545 vessels, with a value of \$10,511,000; for 1873, 530 arrivals with a value of \$9,462,000; for 1877, 496 vessels, with a value of \$10,037,700.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

### NOVEMBER, 1881.

Sailing Vessels:—27 American, 1 Austrian, 89 British, 4 Danish, 5 Dutch, 11 French, 16

German, 2 Greek, 4 Italian, 30 Norwegian, 3 Portuguese, 1 Russian, 2 Spanish, 6 Swedish; total: 201. In this number are included 13 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—1 Belgian, 11 British, 1 Dutch, 1 French, 1 Norwegian, 1 Spanish, 1 Swedish; total: 17.

## Receipts for December, 1881.

### MAINE.

Bangor, 3rd Parish Cong. Society for library.....	\$ 25 00
Central church, for library.....	20 00
North Vassalboro, Joseph White.....	5 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	1 39
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	8 94
Hampton, Cong. church.....	6 00
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 27

### VERMONT.

Quechee, Cong. ch. for library.....	18 72
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### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, First Cong. church.....	11 00
Attleboro, Central church.....	8 50
Ayer, Cong. ch., of which Mrs. C. A. Spaulding \$20 for library.....	29 34
Beverly, Dane Street church.....	56 21
Boston, <i>Bark Mary Celeste</i> , Captain Fleming.....	5 00
Bark <i>Tania Tavan</i> , Capt. Bachelder.....	3 00
Schr. <i>Geo. Kellam</i> , Capt. Denton.....	50
Cambridge, Friends, C. R. R. & B. E. T. Conway, Cong. S. S. to repair library No. 5, 127.....	10 00
Cotuit Port, Union ch.....	13 00
Danvers, Maple St. ch.....	23 29
Easthampton, 1st Cong. ch.....	39 58
Payson Cong. ch.....	24 65
Enfield, Cong. ch. for library.....	20 83
Foxboro, Cong. ch. for library.....	20 93
Greenwich, Cong. ch.....	8 80
Groveland, Cong. ch.....	6 11
Hubbardston, from a friend for a library to be called the "Geo. E. Low Library".....	20 00
Lexington, Hancock ch.....	10 00
Lowell, G. F. Willey, weekly offering.....	5 20
Malden, friends, for books.....	5 00
Monson, estate of A. W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, exr.....	150 00
North Brookfield, 1st ch., in full, to const. E. H. Jones, L. M.....	10 00
Pittsfield, 1st ch., weekly offering.....	25 00
So. Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	16 95
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and Society.....	10 00
Stockbridge, Cong. ch.....	56 08
West Medway, Cong. ch.....	9 16
Winchendon, North ch.....	17 15

### RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, Cong. ch. for libraries.....	40 08
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### CONNECTICUT.

Birmingham, Cong. ch.....	79 50
Branford, Cong. ch.....	11 15
Bridgeport, Park St. Cong. ch. and Society.....	15 36
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. ch. and soc'y.....	50 66
Greenville, Cong. ch.....	26 91
Greens Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	14 53
Greenwich, T. A. Mead.....	5 00
Groton, Groton Bank Baptist S. S. for a library in their name.....	20 00
Lebanon, Wm. Huntington.....	1 00
Meriden, O. B. Arnold.....	10 00

Milford, Plymouth ch.....	25 00
Newington, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	7 31
Norfolk, Cong. ch.....	10 00
Northford, Cong. ch.....	9 98
North Haven, Cong. ch.....	38 57
A class of boys in North Haven S. S. for library.....	20 00
Norwalk, Lucy M. Merrill.....	1 00
Norwich, Broadway Cong. ch.....	105 10
2nd Cong. ch.....	1 50
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. ch.....	49 50
Orange, Cong. ch.....	1 86
South Coventry, Cong. ch.....	19 60
Methodist ch.....	3 58
South Norwalk, S. S. Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for library.....	33 20
Southport, Miss A. E. Perry's S. S. class for "The Memorial Library" in memory of John Alvord.....	20 00
Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt.....	9 00
Thomaston, Cong. ch.....	23 55
Waterbury, Eben Hoadley.....	1 00
Windsor, from Sunday School.....	16 19

### NEW YORK.

Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. ch.....	12 51
Dobbs Ferry, Pres. S. S. for a lib'y.....	20 00
Five Corners, Rev. Chas. Ray.....	2 00
Gloversville, Cong. S. S.....	8 00
Gouverneur, a thank offering from Mrs. J. R. Crane.....	5 00
New York City, Mrs. G. B. Grinnell for libraries.....	100 00
M. K. Jessup.....	50 00
William Borden, for the "Freddie Borden Library," being contents of his late son's purse.....	20 89
Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, for library.....	20 00
Geo. D. Morgan.....	20 00
Mrs. W. Williams.....	10 00
Mrs. D. S. Miller.....	10 00
Geo. W. Smith & Co.....	10 00
J. M. Fiske.....	10 00
A. F. Warburton.....	10 00
W. R. Powell.....	10 00
R. J. N.....	5 00
Capt. C. F. Carver, bark <i>Hudson</i> , for library work.....	5 00
Poughkeepsie, Rev. Isaac Brayton.....	1 00
Rhinbeck, Thomas H. Suckley.....	100 00
Tarrytown, Edward B. Cobb to const. William A. See a L. M.....	30 00
Troy, S. S. 1st Pres. ch. for a lib'y in memory of H. de F. Gale.....	20 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Highland, Union S. S. for library.....	20 00
Jersey City, Rev. P. D. Van Cleef.....	1 00
Newark, Miss Emily Gill for a library.....	20 00
2nd Pres. ch.....	7 59
Orange, 2nd Pres. ch.....	39 05

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Allentown, Rev. J. W. Wood.....	1 00
York, Samuel Small.....	10 00

### MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Rev. John S. Jones for library.....	25 00
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### OHIO.

Oberlin, E. H. Tite.....	2 00
Salem, D. A. Allen, for library.....	20 00

### ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Charles S. Holt for Library.....	20 00
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### MINNESOTA.

Northfield, Conrad Stegner.....	5 00
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\$2,026 27



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"—Ecc. II: 1.

### The "Freddie Borden Library."

In the receipts of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for December, '81, printed in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for February, '82, may be noted the gift of \$20 89 to send out the "Freddie Borden Library," for seamen. The facts in connection with the donation, as they came to us in the letter which enclosed it, were so impressive, that we sought to know more about the dear boy who is now no more on earth. It was at our request that the second of the following letters was written. Both explain themselves. To send abroad, as far as we may, the truth as to Freddie's career and work, is alike a privilege and a duty, for it touchingly illustrates the power of Christian grace in the tender years of human life. And the world has not, as yet, a plethora of testimony in that direction.

"NEW YORK, December 30th, 1881.

"My dear Mr. H.:—As you are aware, death took from us on the 2nd of August last, a dear little son not yet eight years old. Freddie was in all respects a remarkable boy. Though a great sufferer the last two years of his life, he never complained or murmured, but, on the contrary, his only anxiety seemed to be to save his mother and attendants, lest they should suffer from watching over him. I have never met with a Christian character, so lovely, and so sincerely conscientious.

"Young as he was, he was a great Bible student, and would readily and in-

stantly correct any misquotation of Scripture. Physically disabled from playing with his mates, his whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in his books; and probably few had read as much as he during the last two years of his life. Unfortunately for his weak body too, he remembered everything he read. He is safe in his Savior's bosom.

"He had a few gold pieces, amounting to some twenty dollars, which he was in the habit of keeping by him in his purse. I send them to you herewith,—the identical pieces he was in the habit of handling,—with the request that they be applied to provide a ship's library, to be known as the *Freddie Borden Library*.

"I heartily concur in the mother's suggestion that Freddie's own fondness for reading seems to render this an especially proper disposition to make of his pocket money.

I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

WM. BORDEN."

"NEW YORK, Jan'y 6th, 1882.

"My Dear Mr. H.:—

"Freddie's mother has jotted down, as you suggested, some of the incidents of his brief life.

"His purity of character was lovely,—he would not permit any one to speak an impure word or do an impure act in his presence. His reverence for God and for God's holy day was specially marked. Once when his sister spoke the name of God, lightly, Freddie was greatly shocked, and reproved her. He would read only his Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* on Sun-



day. Once, forgetting himself momentarily, he expressed a wish that it was Monday, so that he could amuse himself, but instantly correcting himself, added: "How mean, to have six days to play, and then want the seventh also,—I'll not wish that again." He would see to it that secular books, games, &c., were put away out of sight for Sunday, so that he might not be tempted. It was customary to take him out daily, but one Sunday he said to his mother:—"God is able to make me well, just as quickly, in-doors, as out."

"It distressed him always to see any of the family do what he thought not right, and he would gently and lovingly reprove them. A neighbor's son, Master B—, some years older than Freddie, had been very kind to him, and our little boy was very fond of him. One Sunday he saw his young friend B— skating, and this grieved him greatly. He finally said to his mother,—"I wish he would not skate to-day, for God will not like it." He wanted to speak to him about it, but being timid and bashful, hesitated, until one day shortly after, when brought into the house, he said to his mother, his face all radiant, "I've done it, mamma." Done what, Freddie? "Oh, mamma, I have told B— that he was hurting *My Friend*, by

playing on Sunday, and, mamma, he said, 'Freddie, I will try not to do so again.'" This made him very happy, and especially when his mother said that this was missionary work.

"He was at times a great sufferer, but his faith was great. In his prayers he would always ask God to bless the means which were resorted to by his doctors, in the hope of restoring him to health. He would say sometimes,—apparently thinking aloud,—"If God wishes me to walk, I *shall* walk,—whatever God does it is all right." Once, in the night, when feeling badly, he exclaimed,—"Oh I wish Jesus was here, I would have some one lay me at His feet,—I would then say,—'Dear Jesus, please make me well; but do just as you think best.'"

"He was always truthful and reverent, never failing to ask God's blessing before eating or drinking. Often he would be found, in the night, with hands clasped, engaged in prayer.

"I cannot suppose that these incidents will be as interesting to you, or to anybody else, as to us, but as you have asked them, I give them, and the more readily that I find a comfort in letting my mind dwell upon these thoughts.

Yours very truly,

WM. BORDEN."

### Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1881, was 7,111; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,293. The number of volumes in these libraries was 391,070, and they were accessible to 278,840 men. Nine hundred and twenty-one libraries, with 33,156 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals and were accessible to 105,236 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in on, hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During December, 1881, fifty-one loan libraries,—twenty-one new, and thirty re-shipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,410 to 7,422, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,319 to 7,323, inclusive, with Nos. 7,325, 7,326, and 7,327, at Boston.

*The thirty libraries reshipped were:—*

No. 3,568,	No. 4,423,	No. 5,439,	No. 5,727,	No. 6,014,	No. 6,344,	No. 6,840,	No. 7,077,
" 4,126,	" 4,853,	" 5,495,	" 5,946,	" 6,023,	" 6,463,	" 6,910,	" 7,138,
" 4,213,	" 4,896,	" 5,568,	" 5,963,	" 6,105,	" 6,618,	" 7,010,	
" 4,355,	" 5,116,	" 5,684,	" 5,963,	" 6,237,	" 6,804,	" 7,013,	

*From London Punch.*

## THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Come, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before  
 Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore:  
 When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake.  
 We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;  
 Midst the fevered din of battle, roll of drum and scream of fife,  
 Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.  
 Pumps and pageants have their glory; in cathedral aisles are seen  
 Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.  
 If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school,  
 While you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lashed the land,  
 On the *Cyprian*, screw steamer, there the captain took his stand.  
 He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast  
 That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast.  
 He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,  
 So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.  
 All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its height,  
 Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night;  
 Sails were torn and rent asunder,—and he spoke with bated breath,—  
 "Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,  
 When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock.  
 All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam  
 They could hear the shouts of people and could see the lights of home.  
 "All is over!" screamed the captain. "You have answered duty's call!  
 Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!"  
 So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope,—  
 For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope,—  
 Then, amid the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,  
 From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad!  
 Was it wild adventure stirred him; was he going to the bad?  
 Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,  
 When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?  
 No one looked at him or kicked him; 'mid the paralysing roar  
 All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.  
 Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,  
 And the captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last;  
 But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray.  
 "Who are you?" roared out the captain. "I'm the boy what stowed away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,  
 For the fatal ship was sinking,—Death was ready for the two.  
 So the captain called the outcast,—as he faced the tempest wild,—  
 From his own waist took the life-belt, and then bound it round the child!

"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt and make for land, Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand. With the life-belt round his body then the urchin cleared the ship; Over went the gallant captain, with a blessing on his lip. But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before, As the captain and the stowaway were making for the shore.

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,  
They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.  
You must answer,—they discovered, on the beach at break of day,  
Safe, the battered, breathing body of the little stowaway;—  
And they watched the waves of wreckage and they searched the cruel shore,  
But the man who tried to save the little outcast was no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can,  
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man;  
Tell it out in tones of triumph or with tears and quickened breath—  
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than Death."

### The New Key.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word. Guess what? But aunt was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school '*Please* show me my parsing lesson,' she says '*O yes*,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah '*Please* do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle '*Please*,' he says '*Yes, Puss, if I can*.' And then if I say '*Please*, Aunt—'"

"What does Aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"O you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.—*Young Folks' Rural*.

### Softened by Prayer.

Little Annie, before going to bed, lifted up her heart in prayer to Jesus, and gave herself into his keeping, while Nettie, her

sister, was thoughtlessly undressing herself and jumping into bed without prayer. Annie at once fell asleep and was resting peacefully in the arms of Him to whom she committed herself, while Nettie was restlessly turning over. At length she awoke Annie, complaining that her pillow was hard and so flat that she could not sleep upon it. "I know what is the matter with your pillow," said Annie; "there is no prayer in it." Little Nettie thought a moment, then crept quietly out of bed, prayed, laid down again and found her pillow softer. She then said to herself: "That is what my pillow wanted; it is soft now," and she soon, too, was sweetly sleeping.

Are there not thousands of other pillows in the world which might be softened by prayer?

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Corr. Secretary*.  
WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.  
L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.  
80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

*District Secretary*:—  
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,  
U. S. A.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars, at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is sent, when asked for, gratuitously, to Life-Members and Life-Directors, upon annual request for the same. It is also sent, gratuitously, to pastors of churches which take a yearly collection for the Society.

## Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## Loan Libraries For Ships.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York City Bible-Society, 150 Nassau Street.

*Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor.*

## Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	" " " "
WILMINGTON, N. C. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C. ....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala. ....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. ....	" " " "	David Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I. ....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored) ....	do. ....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	" " " "
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ...	Seamen's Aid Society ....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court .....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S. ....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " " "	" " " "

## Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Minist'rs.
NEW YORK Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society ...	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R. ....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R. ....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor Henry Street ..	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets..	Sea & Land. Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, Van Brunt, n. President St.	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard.....	" " " "	" T. D. Williams.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society...	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, C. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian .....	" " "
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard..	Baptist.....	" " "
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " " "	" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B. ....	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK .....	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies.	" J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C. ....	Wilmington Port Society...	" James W. Craig.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" Wm. B. Yates.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...	" " " "	" " "
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" L. H. Pease.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. ....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
" " " "	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" R. S. Stubbs.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Corr. Secretary.* WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

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HORACE GRAY, Esq.,  
76 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

## OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.**
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has its stations in JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and also upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT**, for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—The provision of **LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1881, is 7,111. Calculating 7,293 reshipments, their 391,070 volumes have been accessible to more than 278,840 men. Over twelve hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sunday-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c. The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any **SAILORS' HOME** in the world. It has accommodated 98,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, (not less than one hundred, since January, 1880,) have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the **HOME**. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.